



Published by the Press Publishing Company, 25 N. PARK ROW, New York.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1894.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(including postage)

PER MONTH \$3.00

PER YEAR \$36.00

Vol. 85, No. 12,125

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

G.P. OFFICE OFFICIALS:

WORLD OFFICE OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WORLD OFFICE OFFICIALS: Editor and Man-

agement.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS: President of Board,

and 10th Ave. at 25th St.

## MR. HILL'S HALLOWEEN.

David Bennett Hill is too old and con-

firmed a bachelor to be addicted to Hal-

loween tricks, yet no man could have

more questions to ask of fate than has

he at this particular time. Especially

himself he is anxious to know who loves

him best.

The old story is that the maiden who

at midnight of Halloween with a lighted

candle stands before the mirror will see

reflected from over her shoulder the

image of the man who loves her best.

It might not work in Hill's case, and

yet a desperate situation justifies desper-

ate and unusual efforts. No one would

doubt that he is sure if, just as the clock

strikes twelve to-night, Mr. Hill, candle

in hand, peers into his cheval glass and

seeks for some hint of the future.

The Tiger's head that witchcraft or imagi-

nation will trace upon the polished plate?

Or will the figure of a certain portly and

dignified gentleman, whose present

habitat is Washington, be mirrored

there? Will a shadow of the pale and

other images, or will the cunning coun-

tenance of Wm. R. Grace beam vaguely

in the misty sheet?

Or, after all, will human nature verify

the truth of ancient legend, and politics

and politicians vanishing, will it be a

woman's face that smiles from the glass

and for the moment drives Democracy,

Republicanism and Mugwumpism from

his thoughts?

There must have been such a woman

once, or Hill would not have remained

a bachelor.

AN UNTIMELY PLEA.

William M. Ivins, in summing up for

Brooklyn in the Elmira Reformatory

case, based his argument, if his har-

rangue can be dignified with the name of

argument, on the plea that the witness-

es of Brooklyn's brutalities were "bad

persons," who were in jail for their

offenses.

What other witnesses could there have

been to testify to the brutal Superin-

tendent's acts?

In the dreaded bathroom no one was

present but the unfortunate victim, the

brutal Brooklyn and his equally cruel

assistants, who aided in the knocking

down and strapping up process.

In the cell, where prisoners were

chained to iron bars like wild beasts, no

eyes save those of the victim and his

persecutors beheld what was going on.

At this time the Ivins plea is especially

unfortunate and inopportune. The Lex-

ow Committee, whose excellent work is

now going on, has for its witnesses the

police corruptionists, prostitutes, green

goods men, thieves and rascals of all

descriptions. Everybody knows that none

others were able to testify. Their evi-

dence is not to be rejected on that ac-

count.

A MILLIONAIRE FELON.

Ten years ago the son of a millionaire,

John C. Eno, robbed the Second Na-

tional Bank of two million dollars, was

indicted for forgery in the first degree

and other felonies, and fled from jus-

tice.

Eno took with him his stolen money;

bought up the Canadian authorities to

save himself from extradition. He was

like a prince in his new home, went into

speculations there and amassed con-

siderable wealth in addition to the

money he had stolen. About a year

ago he engaged the services of George

Bliss, a lawyer and politician with

strong "pull" in the criminal charge

still hanging over him. A Federal

Judge, Wallace, made a decision that

deprived the State courts of jurisdic-

tion over five out of the six indicted

ments outstanding against Eno, leaving

only that for forgery in the first de-

gree to be tried in the State courts.

An effort was made in June last to get

Judge Cowing to dismiss this indictment,

## TOM REED'S NUT-CRACKER.

In a speech at St. Louis Monday night

Tom Reed exhibited a clipping from

the "Evening World" containing "A

Nut for McKinley to Crack," the kernel

of which was the fact that cotton cloth

was 10-12 cents per yard in 1893 and

9-12 cents in 1894.

Mr. Reed assumed that he had cracked

this nut when he had declared that

wages in the cotton industry had fallen

13 per cent, since 1893, and might fall

further.

Mr. Reed neglected to state that

wages have steadily gone down in the

cotton industry for many years past.

Profits have gone up and up, but wages

have fallen, fallen, fallen. The cotton

industry to-day is one of the highest

protected in the country, and was re-

duced less than almost any other in-

dustry by the Wilson bill.

The tariff on cotton goods is still not

only protective, but practically prohibi-

tious. If protection protects, why do the

wages go down? Will Mr. Reed crack

that nut?

Will it be the grim outline of the

Tiger's head that witchcraft or imagi-

nation will trace upon the polished plate?

Or will the figure of a certain portly and

dignified gentleman, whose present

habitat is Washington, be mirrored

there? Will a shadow of the pale and

other images, or will the cunning coun-

tenance of Wm. R. Grace beam vaguely

in the misty sheet?

Or, after all, will human nature verify

the truth of ancient legend, and politics

and politicians vanishing, will it be a

woman's face that smiles from the glass

and for the moment drives Democracy,

Republicanism and Mugwumpism from

his thoughts?

There must have been such a woman

once, or Hill would not have remained

a bachelor.

AN UNTIMELY PLEA.

William M. Ivins, in summing up for

Brooklyn in the Elmira Reformatory

case, based his argument, if his har-

rangue can be dignified with the name of

argument, on the plea that the witness-

es of Brooklyn's brutalities were "bad

persons," who were in jail for their

offenses.

What other witnesses could there have

been to testify to the brutal Superin-

tendent's acts?

In the dreaded bathroom no one was

present but the unfortunate victim, the

brutal Brooklyn and his equally cruel

assistants, who aided in the knocking

down and strapping up process.

In the cell, where prisoners were

chained to iron bars like wild beasts, no

eyes save those of the victim and his

persecutors beheld what was going on.

At this time the Ivins plea is especially

unfortunate and inopportune. The Lex-

ow Committee, whose excellent work is

now going on, has for its witnesses the

police corruptionists, prostitutes, green

goods men, thieves and rascals of all

descriptions. Everybody knows that none

others were able to testify. Their evi-

dence is not to be rejected on that ac-

count.

A MILLIONAIRE FELON.

Ten years ago the son of a millionaire,

John C. Eno, robbed the Second Na-

tional Bank of two million dollars, was

indicted for forgery in the first degree

and other felonies, and fled from jus-

tice.

Eno took with him his stolen money;

bought up the Canadian authorities to

save himself from extradition. He was

like a prince in his new home, went into

speculations there and amassed con-

siderable wealth in addition to the

money he had stolen. About a year

ago he engaged the services of George

Bliss, a lawyer and politician with

strong "pull" in the criminal charge

## MISS NETHERSOLE'S CAMILLE.

A damp, straw-colored youth, who sat

next to me, was the dampest of the van-

della reported by the distracted pro-

prietor. To be sure, he might turn the

Count out of his house, but who would

care to excite the wrath of such a

bloodthirsty gentleman with his hand in?

TOM REED'S NUT-CRACKER.

In a speech at St. Louis Monday night

Tom Reed exhibited a clipping from

the "Evening World" containing "A

Nut for McKinley to Crack," the kernel

of which was the fact that cotton cloth

was 10-12 cents per yard in 1893 and

9-12 cents in 1894.

Mr. Reed assumed that he had cracked

this nut when he had declared that

wages in the cotton industry had fallen

13 per cent, since 1893, and might fall

further.

Mr. Reed neglected to state that

wages have steadily gone down in the

cotton industry for many years past.

Profits have gone up and up, but wages

have fallen, fallen, fallen. The cotton

industry to-day is one of the highest

protected in the country, and was re-

duced less than almost any other in-

dustry by the Wilson bill.

The tariff on cotton goods is still not

only protective, but practically prohibi-

tious. If protection protects, why do the

wages go down? Will Mr. Reed crack

that nut?

Will it be the grim outline of the

Tiger's